

JACK SCOTT THAT'S ALL! AS A NEW WORLD SERIES HERO CAROLINA SOUNDBONER'S FOUR HIT FEAT FULL OF DRAMA

Breaks Back of Yankees' Weak Attack When He Fans Elmer Smith With Two On in Seventh—Came to Giants 'to Work Out With Boys' in July.

By DANIEL.

It was a bright, pleasant morning last July. A tall, angular individual, with a raincoat on his arm though the skies were cloudless came to the clubhouse of the Giants at the Polo Grounds and meekly asked for John McGraw. That raincoat was his lone piece of baggage, and he had just come from Ridgway, N. C. What did the tall man with the raincoat want? Oh, nothing much. He just wanted permission "to work out with the boys."

Yesterday afternoon that angular Carolinian went out before more than 27,000 persons in the Polo Grounds, pitched the Giants to a startling triumph over the Yankees and took his place among the brightest luminaries of world series history. The man with the raincoat who "just wanted to work out with the boys" was John Scott—the same Scott who last April was released unconditionally by Pat Moran and pronounced done forever with major league baseball—the same Scott whose old soup-bone had been relegated to the scrap heap.

Not since 1909, when an astonishing, practically unknown, underdog youngster by the name of Babe Adams rose to throw the Tigers into confusion and win a world title for the Pirates, had so much drama been hurled into the baseball class as was generated by the right arm of the Carolinian. Not only did Scott give only four hits, scattered over three innings, to the Yankees but he held them scoreless—unless for only one run in the seventh inning—after battles in two years. Art Nehf had done that before him—in the final clash of 1921 against the very same Waite Hoyt who was forced to yield to Scott yesterday.

Climax of Courageous Fight.

Behind that spectacular victory for Scott lies a tale teeming with human interest—the story of a courageous man who would not be downed by adversity. The victory over the Yankees was the climactic achievement of a steady, uphill battle against hard luck, scientific handicaps, things which would have discouraged a job. When Scott came meekly to the door of the Giants' clubhouse he was broke financially. His wife, a little daughter and his old father—a white haired septuagenarian who resided in his son's success yesterday—were down in Ridgway, hoping against hope.

Jack could not do much with his arm, but he still had great confidence in the venerable scouper. He felt that by "working out with the boys" for a spell he could bring it back to its old strength, which made him one of the best pitchers in the Boston National League. They traded him last winter to the Reds for Rube Marquard and Larry Kopf.

"Get a place to sleep, Scott," McGraw asked him that bright, pleasant morning in July.

"No."

"Got any money to keep you going at the dinner table?" asked McGraw.

"No."

"Here you, Nehf and Ryan, take this fellow in with you for a while," called the leader of the Giants to a couple of his pitchers who lived together in an apartment on West 15th street. "Here's a little help toward your three squares," added McGraw. Fifty dollars—bread cast upon the waters. And how that fifty drew interest!

Arm Starts Coming Back.

Scott "worked out with the boys" and assured McGraw that his arm was coming back. McGraw, Jennings, Burkett—all three watched him practice. The Giants were in desperate need of pitchers. A doctor was called in and Scott's soup-bone was x-rayed and kneaded for an entire afternoon. The next day came the verdict.

Scott was suffering from water in the right shoulder socket.

There was some hope, but not too much. Pitchers dived with water on the shoulder or elbow hardly ever came back.

Did he want to submit himself to a course of boiling out? "Certainly," and the Carolinian said "I'll do it." The Giants went on their second trip to the West and Scott was left behind to work with a few rookies at the Polo Grounds. When the Giants got back Scott suddenly made his appearance on the mound one afternoon as a finisher of a lost game—eighth inning against the Pirates. It was on Tuesday, August 1, and the Pirates triumphed, the Giants by 10 to 2. But in his two innings Scott gave neither hit nor run.

Scott from Ridgway was on his way. Scott had made a second appearance. He had earned the right to start a game—and Scott was a winner. The old soup-bone had responded to treatment. Scott grew better with every game and earned himself a position as one of the regulars. When Phil Douglas wrote himself out of the league the rise of Scott proved providential for the Giants. He was eight spots off the infield single that last desperate run down the homestretch—a little more than enough to win the pennant for the New Yorks.

A Peculiar Comeback.

Yesterday Scott, with enough money to bring his family North to see him work against the Yankees, had what he called a "comeback" pitcher.

Before him—a remarkable fast ball. Speedball pitchers who go into the discard and then return come back with a change of pace—a slow ball, a curve ball, a fast ball. Scott's fast ball was a team which ordinarily murders fast ball pitching with a FAST BALL.

The whole game was Scott. He made the sluggers of the Yankees look foolish. Babe Ruth threw failed to push the ball out of the infield. Once he was hit by a low ball on the shin and trudged to first. Bob Meusel also could not hit the leather outside the plate and went to first on a fumble by Frankie Frisch—an event! A single to right by Pipp in the second, a single to right by Hoyt in the sixth. Meusel's hit to Bancroft and Scott's double to right in the seventh—these were all the safe blows struck by the Yankees.

Scott was hit hardest in the seventh inning, and in the pitch he hit his best. He took two which saw the American League's attack, such as it was, rise to its height and then break to stay broken. With one gone those hits by Meusel and Schang followed in quick succession. The Schang drive sent Bob to third. Two on, one out, and Scott apparently tired and gone.

Elmer Smith, hero of the 1920 world series for the Cleveland Indians, who great Scott run with bases full killed off the Yankees. Then was rushed into the breach to hit for Ward. The left handed smiter stepped to the plate and John Scott called a recess. There was a consultation among the pitcher, Earl Smith and Bancroft. Then Hughie Jennings came out and had a short talk with Scott.

The big pitcher nodded his head and smiled. The first one was right over the heart of the plate—a strike. Then came three balls in succession. Wide

Players' Baseball Pool Amounts to \$123,108.90

THE official attendance and receipts for the third game of the world series yesterday, which follow, show a new gate receipt record for a single day: Paid attendance, 27,029. Receipts, \$123,108.90. Players' share, \$32,400.54. Each club's share, \$30,960.15. Commissioner's share, \$18,553.16. The players', commissioner's and each club owner's share for the first and third games combined is as follows: Players, \$123,108.90. Each club owner, \$41,666.30. Commissioner's, \$30,268.50.

curves, low curves, fast ones, hopping ones—and Elmer would not bite. Another ball, a ballyhoo, slipped and sizzled—and Elmer struck the ambient. Three balls, two strikes—and Meusel darting up and back off third. The Yankee rooters were howling and shouting—beseeching as they had not beseeched this week.

Scott faced the biggest moment of the day—and he triumphed. He shot a fast ball on the outside—Smith took a terrific swing—and missed by a foot! The menace had fanned himself out of the picture! Then Deacon Scott grounded himself out of the scenario by way of Bancroft. The one big chance of the Yankees had come and gone.

John Scott now stood like a pitching Colossus, more confident than ever, pitching with his early speed and energy, a victor to remain a victor. The Yankees were done for the day, and the Giants' adherents, who were in the majority for it was a "home game" for the National League, nearly ripped the roof off the stadium.

Scott radiated confidence before the game was started. "I feel that luck is going to be with me if I get a chance to-day," he said as he tossed a ball around half an hour before game time. "I sure could stand some luck," he added with his Carolina drawl.

"Last fall when I came back from Boston I got in my tobacco crop, drove two mules eight miles to market, expected about \$800, and was lucky to sell for \$32. Hard luck was running at me. When I got home I was told that the granary where I stored some corn had burned down. No insurance. Then I reported to the Reds at the spring training camp and found that my arm was gone. Hard luck sure had me."

"To-day I say, hard luck, get off my back!"

Big Day for Ridgway.

Old Hard Luck did just that. It got off and rolled over dead. As John pitched his way to glory this New York Herald's services took the details of play down to his home town, Ridgway, N. C., miles off the railroad line, back in the woods. "We have only one store down there," said Scott after the game. "Population? Why, there ain't none!"

But down there in Sim Peece's place the natives gathered yesterday from all over the Tar Heel back country county listening in while old man Scott's son hurled himself to a niche in the baseball hall of fame.

As for Hoyt, the Flatbush pitcher was not the fiercer he gave the Giants only two hits in the second game last year and won by 3 to 0, beat Nehf, 3 to 1, in the fifth contest and lost to Nehf, 1 to 0, in the eighth game after which he was released by the Yankees and he did not have anything like the great control of Scott.

Hoyt was expected to shine with his curve ball, but that was not curving well most of the way. Hoyt was in trouble nearly all the time. The Giants got two hits in the first with only one out, but Irish Meusel hit into a double play and the Pirates triumphed, the Giants by 10 to 2. But in his two innings Scott gave neither hit nor run.

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Irish Is Near a Record.

Irish Meusel came within one of the record when he drove in his sixth run of the series in the third round. John Scott opened that session with a hit to center and went to third when Ward kicked Bannie's grounder into left field. Groh forced Scott, and while John was going to first, Bannie got to third and Meusel to second. Frisch's long sacrifice fly to Witt sent in one run and put the other in third. Meusel singled to right and scored Groh.

In the seventh Bannie walked, went to third on a hit and run when Groh singled to right and scored on Frisch's hit to right.

Reed Young, with three hits, was a hero on attack and so were Frisch and Groh. Helme's startling hitting is a revelation. A great game player, this Irishman. In 1919, for the Reds against the White Sox he got only five hits in three games. Now he has six hits in three games.

To-day it looks like McQuillen for the Giants. In 1919, for the Reds against the White Sox he got only five hits in three games. Now he has six hits in three games.

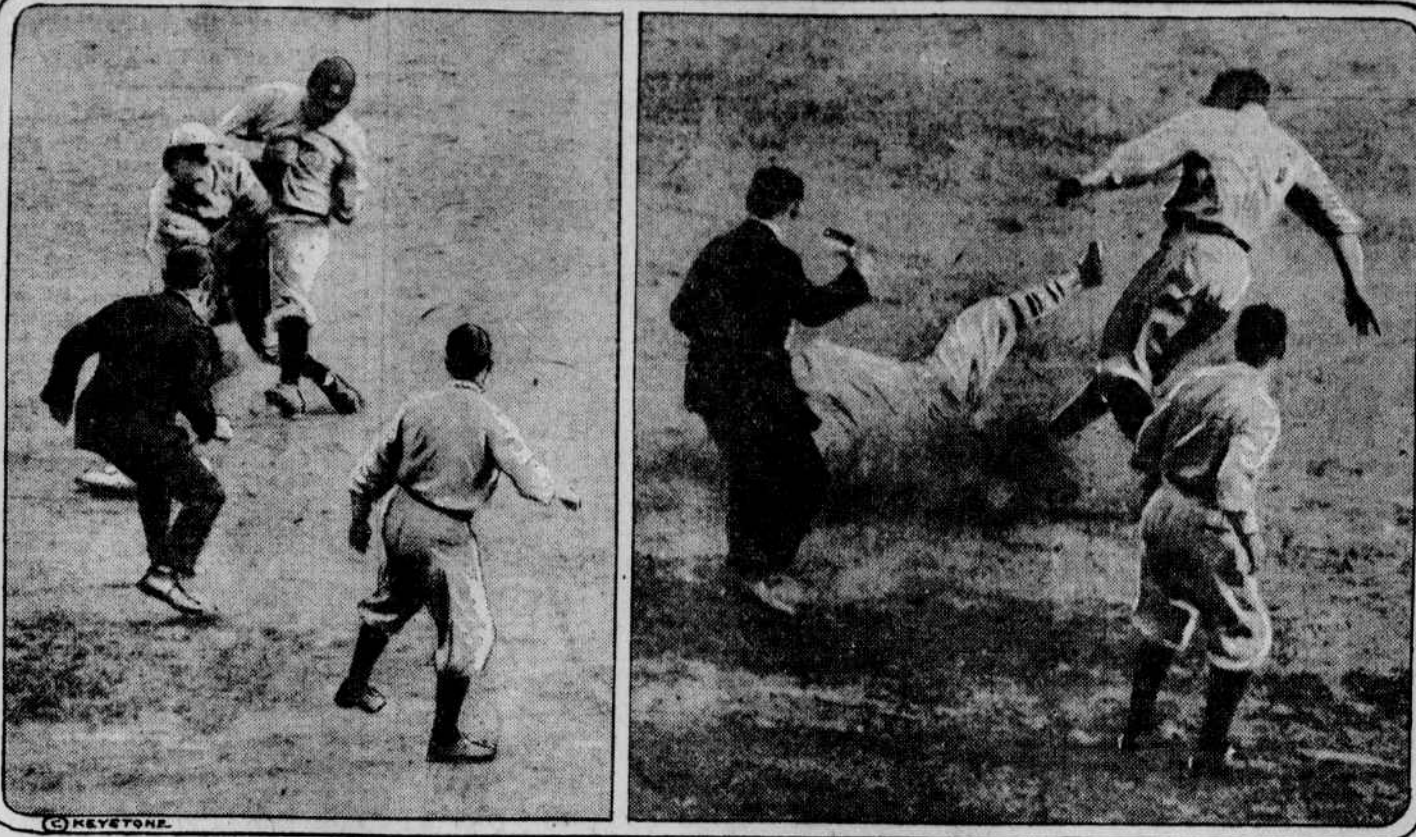
Propose Share of Tie Game Receipts for Red Cross Use

The following statement was given out by the American Red Cross, 598 Madison avenue, last night:

Division of a share of the receipts of yesterday's tied game at the Polo Grounds to the work of the Red Cross, whose annual roll call begins on Armistice Day, November 11, was proposed to-day by former prominent New York men and women active in work for ex-service men and their families. These proposals have been sent to Judge Landis.

Martin W. Littleton, chairman of a citizens' committee of 100 in the coming roll call, sent a letter to Judge Landis to-day in which he called attention to the fact that approximately 60 per cent of the funds obtained in the Red Cross appeal would be devoted in the next year to the care of ex-service men and their dependents.

Exciting Incidents in Play of Third World Series Game



BABE RUTH OUT AT THIRD IN FOURTH INNING. RUTH RUNNING INTO GROH—AND GROH'S UPSET



SCOTT OF GIANTS BEING RUN DOWN BY DUGAN BETWEEN 3RD BASE AND HOME IN THE THIRD INNING.

Elmer Smith's Fanning in Seventh Round Breaks Back of Surprisingly Weak Attack of Yankees

Bancroft, Groh and Dugan Put on the Fireworks on Defense.

By DANIEL.

"Casey Stengel is out for the rest of the series," was the announcement from the camp of the Giants as they prepared to take the field against the Yankees in the third game of the world series at the Polo Grounds yesterday.

Stengel's bad leg was black and blue from the knee to the ankle and Casey himself was blue all over. His loss no doubt will handicap the Giants, who will miss his hitting in a pinch.

John McGraw did not know whether to start John Scott or Hughie McQuillen. Finally he decided on McQuillen, who complained that his thigh, which had been hit by a liner on Tuesday morning, still was very sore. McGraw sent Hughie to warm up, saw him throw just two balls to Aleck Gaston—and then called him back.

"Go out and warm up, Scott," came the command from the manager and out went John with a smile on his face. Waite Hoyt warmed up for the Yankees. Again it was warm. The skies were partly overcast. Barry McCormick took his place behind the plate. Brickley Owens was at first base, Bill Klem at second and George Hildebrand at third. Not a murmur greeted Hildebrand, who had called the game the day before. All that was forgotten.

Jonnard Already on Job.

As the Giants trotted out to their positions—they were the home club on a tie game—and John Scott ascended Mount Mennerly, McGraw sent word to Claude Jonnard, the well known undertaker, to start getting himself ready for the worst. Scott shot over a strike for Waite Hoyt and the Giants rooters emitted the customary salute. Waite watched two fast ones go and then bunted to Scott, who made a fair throw to Kelly. One out.

With one strike and two balls called Joseph Dugan lifted an easy fly to Young. Now the great Babe Ruth. Ball one was low. Strike one was rung up when Ruth missed a fast curve. Strike two was posted when Ruth whiffed at another fast curve. Ball two was far to the outside. Then the Babe topped weakly to Frisch.

Bancroft wasted no time in erasing himself in the Giants' half. He bunted to Hoyt, who darted to first to get the output himself. Hoyt spun over a strike for Groh and then Helme got his fifth hit of the series, a single to right. Frisch had the count 1 and 1.

When he fanned a hit to center, Helme's stopping at second.

This concussion of hits by Frisch and Groh in the first inning had happened in the opening game and it had happened in the second battle. With Irish up the situation looked precarious for Hoyt and Miller Huggins waived to George Murray to begin warming up in the bullpen. Carl Mays soon joined

Yankees Are Favored to Win To-day Over the Giants at Odds of 6 to 5

DESPITE the fact that they have lost two games the Yankees are favorites at odds of 6 to 5 to beat the Giants to-day in the third game of the world series. Betting on the result of the world series, however, was 9 to 5, with the Giants strong favorites at these odds.

W. L. Darnell & Co., a Wall Street firm, had \$3,000 of Yank money to lay at 6 to 5 that the Giants will not be successful in to-day's attempt. That firm also has \$2,000 to bet on the McGraw clan to-day, but bettors sought odds of 7 to 5.

George, both were getting very warm and kept looking at the Yank dugout. But Irish called this time. It was strike one called, strike two fouled, ball one, ball two, and then a liner to Ward, who threw to Pipp to double Frisch off first. Cheers for the Yanks.

Pipp sent the American League champions away to a good start in the second round when he singled to right. "Ha, the break already!" said many a Casan-dras who had been prognosticating the early retirement of John Scott.

However, the break was not in Scott. It was on the ball. Meusel fouled to Kelly and Schang filed to Cunningham. Scott worked hard on Ward and then Pipp made a nice steal of second. With 2 and 2 Ward grounded politely to Bancroft.

Young raised a slight ruckus at the start of the Giants' second when he singled to left, but he took liberties with Bob Meusel's great arm and much to his sorrow was set down trying to stretch his drive into a double. It was a handsome ambition, but it was a great throw. Kelly was a lachrymose victim of the deacon, but Cunningham, with two strikes against him, singled down the right field foul line. Smith lit on the second pitch with vengeance but did nothing more than force Cunningham, Ward to Scott.

Big Laugh on Witt.

The big laugh of the day came in the third inning. Waite Hoyt acted the title role of La Ronnambula and rather overdid the thing, if you ask us. Witt was altogether too realistic. Scott, the deacon opened with a fly to Young and Hoyt followed with a grounder to the Fordham Flash. Witt waited and waited. That was the only pass issued by the Yankees.

Now, as nearly everybody knows, ten feet off first base in a world series game is no place for a guy to take a snooze. Carl Smith quietly threw the ball to Kelly. The crowd roared and awoke the sleeping albino. He rubbed his pink eyes, looked sheepish—and trudged into center field.

The Giants' half of the third was the resounding, smacking session of the entire shenanigan. It saw two runs born for the world champions and licked the Yankees then and there. John Scott himself opened the chapter with a single over second. With one and one Bannie slammed a hot grounder to Ward in right hand.

Now, in view of the fact that Ward fumbled the ball and then kicked it into left field—a procedure which is not

Young, With Three Hits, Leads Offensive of the McGraw Maulers.

In line with the dignity of a world series—the scorers voted to call it an error.

Scott had reached third base in the meantime. Groh, bounced a high out to Hoyt, who threw to Dugan to land John trying to come back to third or to Scott to safety at home. There was a short rundown process which resulted in the demise of the pitcher. But Bannie got to third and Groh to second—and the rally still was a rally.

Frankie Frisch raised a long sacrifice fly to Witt on which Bannie scored and Groh got to third. Irish Meusel waved a menacing wand at Hoyt and got two strikes against him. Then Frisch slammed a single to right center and drove in his sixth run of the series. Young lashed a hard one at Ward. Ward hit it, but he took liberties with Bob Meusel's great arm and much to his sorrow was set down trying to stretch his drive into a double. It was a handsome ambition, but it was a great throw. Kelly was a lachrymose victim of the deacon, but Cunningham, with two strikes against him, singled down the right field foul line. Smith lit on the second pitch with vengeance but did nothing more than force Cunningham, Ward to Scott.

Perseverance Reaps Its Reward.

Cool, confident and utterly skillful, he turned back the Yankees as fast as they came. After the fifth of the sixth inning, many persons sympathetic to the Yankees would have hated to see Scott lose. But there was no danger of his losing. He was master all the way, this young man who believed in himself when the world was against him.

Bursts of cheering for Scott began to punctuate the proceedings as the crowd realized what a comeback was taking place. After the fifth of the sixth inning, many persons sympathetic to the Yankees would have hated to see Scott lose. But there was no danger of his losing. He was master all the way, this young man who believed in himself when the world was against him.

Official Score of Third Game of World Series at Polo Grounds

YANKEES. ab r h po a e
Witt, cf. 3 0 0 1 0 0
Dugan, 3b. 4 0 0 2 3 0
Ruth, rf. 3 0 0 0 0 0
Pipp, 1b. 4 0 1 10 0 0
R. Meusel, lf. 4 0 1 1 1 0
Schang, c. 3 0 1 2 2 0
Ward, 2b. 2 0 0 2 4 1
McNally, 2b. 0 0 0 1 1 0
E. Scott, ss. 3 0 0 4 1 0
Hoyt, p. 2 0 1 1 2 0
Jones, p. 0 0 0 0 1 0
"Elmer" Smith 1 0 0 0 0 0
"Baker" 1 0 0 0 0 0

Totals. 30 0 4 24 15 1

Batted for Ward in seventh inning. Batted for Hoyt in eighth inning.

Yankees. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Giants. 0 2 0 0 0 1 0 x-3

Runs batted in—By Frisch, 2; by E. Meusel, 1. Two base hit—Schang. Stolen base—Pipp. Sacrifice hits—Frisch and Kelly. Double play—Ward and Pipp. Left on bases—Yankees, 4; Giants, 9. Base on balls—Off Hoyt, 2 (Frisch and Bancroft); off J. Scott, 1 (Witt); off Jones, 1 (Cunningham). Struck out—By Hoyt, 2 (J. Scott and Bancroft); by J. Scott, 2 (Pipp and Elmer Smith). Hit—Off Hoyt, 11 in seven innings; off Jones, 1 in one inning. Hit by pitcher—By J. Scott (Ruth). Losing pitcher—Hoyt. Umpires—McCor-mick (National), umpire in chief, at the plate; Owens (American), first base; Klem (National), second base, and Hildebrand (American), third base. Time of game—One hour and 53 minutes.

Story of Giants' Victory Written 2,000 Years Ago

Mr. Vergil Wrote 'They Can Because They Think They Can' and He Displayed Rare Foresight—Scott Came to McGraw Stone Broke.

By EDWIN C. HILL.

It is interesting to reflect that the story of the Giants' victory was written 2,000 years ago. A young fellow who was versifying elegantly around Rome in those days wrote with stylus upon a tablet of wax: "They can because they think they can." A little later than the elegant Vergil came one greater than he who recommended that bread be cast upon the waters if one wanted really amazing returns.

This is not in the least cryptic, as you will see. In the middle of last summer a baseball pitcher, with a worth while past but no future whatever, turned up at the players' gate at the Polo Grounds. He had nothing to his name but nine letters. His arm was "gone," as they say; hopelessly flamed and irreparably weakened. Three specialists in such matters, together with an eminent bonesetter and miracle worker named Reese out in Youngstown, Ohio, had assured the young man that he could never pitch another ball in the major leagues or even in the minors, most probably.

Nobody wanted him. Boston and Cincinnati had handed him his hat. He was headed straight for oblivion, or so everybody thought except one person, the young man himself.

When he rapped on the gate of the Polo Grounds that day he didn't have the price of week's room rent, but he was there to nourish a body as strong as a horse. He was simply a man down and out through no fault of his own. The gentlemen, accustomed only to the successful and the stars, rebuffed him from the portal. Crippled pitchers of no consequence meant nothing in the life of this warden, accustomed daily to touch his hat to the mighty Ruth or obsequiously saluting the great McGraw.

A Man Down but Not Out.

The young man went away—that time. The next time he waited until he got a word with McGraw himself. He said, this persistent young chap who didn't know he was licked by fate, that he didn't take much stock in what the three specialists and the noted bonesetter had ruled about his crippled right arm. He said he believed he could "come back" if he had a chance—and would McGraw, with all that his own name played in, let him use a little of it every day to practice in, to try to get the ailing arm back to strength and suppleness and cunning?

He said it so earnestly that McGraw believed he might be right, and right there John J. McGraw cast upon the brink of breaking came back to him yesterday in fronted cake worth nobody knows how much—probably \$75,000 or \$100,000 if the Giants win the series they get a grip on yesterday. He saw to it that the young man got plenty of practice. He saw to the no less important details that the young man had a roof over his head and something to eat.

About three times a day McGraw believed he might be right, and right there John J. McGraw cast upon the brink of breaking came back to him yesterday in fronted cake worth nobody knows how much—probably \$75,000 or \$100,000 if the Giants win the series they get a grip on yesterday. He saw to it that the young man got plenty of practice. He saw to the no less important details that the young man had a roof over his head and something to eat.

Whether or not he had ever heard of M. Emile Cobe, the waif of baseball that fate had left on McGraw's doorstep nevertheless repeated to himself day after day, "I'm going to get right and better." And one day he went to McGraw, happy as a king full and said, "Boss, I'm right." Thereafter he enjoyed a regular contract with regular money and did his part no more than his part toward the winning of the National League pennant.

And now the climax, the part of the story which grows out of the copy book maxims are often priceless: that grit and determination and self-confidence make a fellow hard to stop; that part that takes you back to Vergil and his "They can because they think they can." The young man got right and better. He saw to the no less important details that the young man had a roof over his head and something to eat.

Well, time passed, as they say in the movies. The young man worked steadily and sensibly along the usual physical laws of progress, but the money, he said to himself, "I'm going to get right and better." And one day he went to McGraw, happy as a king full and said, "Boss, I'm right." Thereafter he enjoyed a regular contract with regular money and did his part no more than his part toward the winning of the National League pennant.

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